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How Stanley wrote "In
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COURAGE AND LOYALTY

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WROTE
"DARKEST
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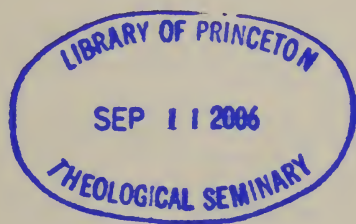
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COURAGE AND LOYALTY

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HOTEL VILLA VICTORIA, CAIRO.

HOW STANLEY WROTE
“IN DARKEST AFRICA”

A TRIP TO CAIRO AND BACK

BY E. MARSTON

*Author of "The Amateur Angler," "Frank's Rancho,"
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I HAVE decided to make a little book of the article which appeared in 'Scribner's Magazine' for August, 1890, entitled '*How Stanley wrote his book.*' This article I have now revised by the light of later experience, and I have added other matter having reference to my trip to Egypt, together with some new Illustrations. For the use of the little Vignette on the titlepage I am indebted to Messrs. Woodhouse & Rawson.

E. M.

London,

September, 1890.



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HOW STANLEY WROTE “IN DARKEST AFRICA.”

A TRIP TO CAIRO AND BACK.

CHAPTER I.

Invitation to visit Cairo—En route—Snow in summer weather—
Turin—Brindisi—On board the s.s. *Rome*—Port Said—Suez
Canal—Ismailia—Affecting parting from our friends—Start for
Cairo—An alarming telegram—My birthday celebrated in dark-
ness—Arrival at Cairo.

EVERYTHING relating to Mr. Stanley seems to pos-
sess a special and peculiar interest for a very large
portion of the public of many nationalities. Such
readers I have thought might be glad to know something
about the method of writing, and the daily life, of the
author of a work respecting the appearance of which they
had already evinced such a very extraordinary interest, for

probably no book has ever been more eagerly looked for in every part of the civilised world, and in many languages, than the one which Mr. Stanley lately finished.

On Mr. Stanley's arrival in Cairo he immediately telegraphed to me, inviting me to pay him a visit there, with a view to forward the progress of the great work he had in hand; and he suggested that I should bring an artist with me. I need not say that I accepted the invitation with the greatest possible pleasure.

It is by no means an everyday occurrence for a publisher to travel so far from his native land, for the purpose of encountering an author, as I have travelled at the invitation of my good friend, Henry M. Stanley.

This exceptional occurrence induces me to think that a brief account of my wanderings may not be without interest. I left London on the 7th of February, and I left it foggy and damp and wet, but not cold.

Before leaving home I had been strongly urged by my son, who is an enthusiastic fly-fisher, not to fail to bring back with me a good supply of the skins of Egyptian wild geese. I had, therefore, a twofold object before me.

As I travelled eastward towards the rising sun, the weather, contrary to my expectations, became colder and colder. From Paris to the Italian frontier I slept the sleep of the just in a Pullman sleeping-car, therefore I cannot speak of the

weather during that night ; but, on emerging from the Mont Cenis tunnel in the morning, not only the mountains but the valleys were deeply clad in snow, and the nearer we approached Turin the deeper it became. I had decided to stop a few hours in that beautiful city to catch the Indian mail, which I was wrongly told would leave there at 6 o'clock the same evening. I had arrived there at 12 o'clock, and, when too late, I found the mail train really did not pass through Turin till 3 o'clock next morning. I trudged through the streets of Turin, where the snow lay in huge heaps, then being carted away, the fall during the previous night having reached six inches on the level. Now the sun was shining at our summer heat, and I found heavy clothing a burden. After a run through the Cathedral, I dined at the Railway Hotel, and remained there as long as they would let me ; but I was turned out at 12 o'clock, and I had to manage as well as I could in a fireless and unlighted waiting-room till that Indian mail came in.

I reached Brindisi and left it in the dark—what it is like, or whether it is worth seeing, I know not. I got on board the P. & O. s.s. *Rome* at 3 o'clock A.M. There we found a lively company, Mr. and Mrs. Terry being the lions. The Mediterranean was cold and rough, the chief event to me being that a puff of wind carried my hat where it was useless to follow : so for the remainder of the voyage I was indebted

to the kindness of a fellow-passenger. Mr. and Mrs. Terry kept the company alive, and games, music, songs and stories were the order of the day and night.

At Port Said we were detained several hours. The mails left by a small steamer at 7 o'clock A.M., so we had to stick to our ship to Ismailia, and telegraph for a special train to take us on to Cairo. The passage down the Canal would be very monotonous were it not for the novelty of the thing and the queer antics of the baksheesh boys on either shore.

We quitted the good ship *Rome* at Ismailia. There about fifty of us left for Cairo. The scene of parting was comically affecting. It was quite dark. All the Indian passengers came on deck to see us off. They sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and other songs—hurrahed, shouted, and screamed. The young officers affected the deepest sorrow at parting with us. "Bear up, darlings!" they cried, "it will never do for *all* of us to break down—booh! hoo!" The darkness and the crowd of faces on the tender and on the ship, lighted up by electric light, presented a very picturesque scene.

Crowded, bag and baggage, into a small tender, our crossing Lake Timsâh would have been in true Egyptian darkness but for the lurid electric light which the steamer threw along our path. On landing, we had to walk about half-a-mile to the station. The scene there, in getting our luggage through the Custom-house, is indescribable; the

shouting, yelling, screaming, and fighting of the Arab porters in the dimly-lighted darkness was something quite new to me.

We got off at last at 11 P.M. All our passengers, about fifty in number, had written for rooms at Shepheard's Hotel. On reaching the midway station at Zakazik, a telegram was received by one of the passengers: "Hotel full. Advise all passengers to stop till to-morrow!" Consternation reigned supreme. What could be done? It was impossible to go back, and Zakazik could offer no accommodation. Camping-out seemed to be the general expectation. Being safely provided for myself, I comforted them as well as I could by the reflection that it was not a very cold night, and it would soon be morning. About 2 o'clock my opposite fellow-traveller woke me out of the first doze I had just got into by seizing my hand and wishing me "many happy returns of the day" (it being my birthday). Then there was shaking my hands all round. My health was proposed and drunk, the beverage being one bottle of soda-water, which was all that the company could muster, and which was decanted by lucifer-match light. Songs were sung. I was called upon to return thanks, which I did in the dark and with becoming brevity. Thus it happened that my sixty-sixth birthday was celebrated in an Egyptian railway carriage, in profound darkness—for our lamp had long since gone out—and in the

midst of a delightful company of ladies and gentlemen whom I never saw before I met them on the boat, and whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. At Cairo we all parted, every one looking after himself and his belongings.

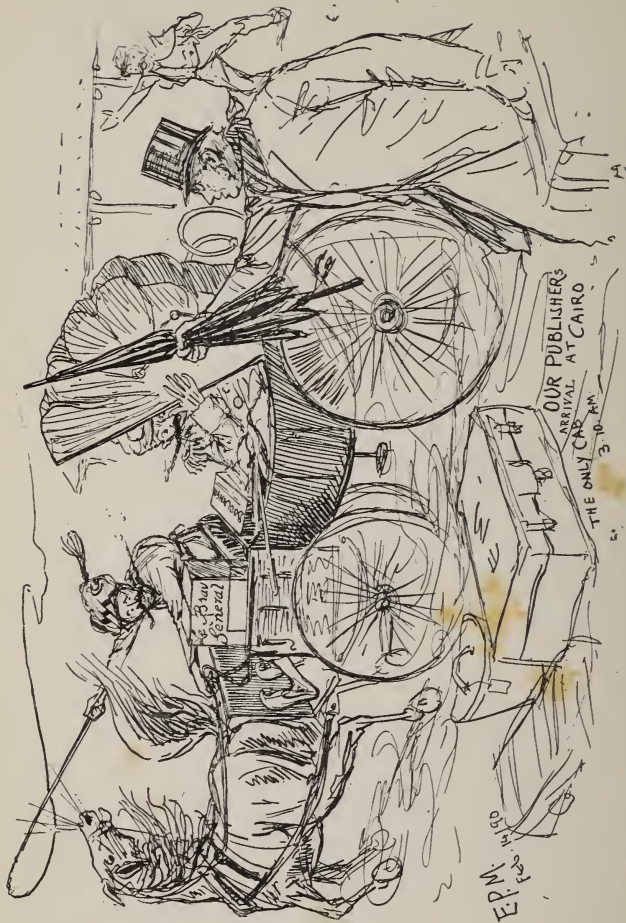




CHAPTER II.

A row at the railway station—A fierce foreigner seized my carriage—
Walk to hotel—Warmly welcomed by Stanley.

T was too much to expect the great man to meet me at the station at 3 o'clock in the morning. He did the next best thing by sending his courier and dragoman, who, knowing the tricks of the Arab cabmen, engaged two cabs at the hotel, well assured that at least one of them would bolt if a more likely fare turned up. We were some time in collecting our luggage, and when we got outside we found that one cab had decamped and the other was loaded up, and a fierce-looking foreigner inside who gesticulated violently—swearing, no doubt, but in a language unintelligible to me, that he was there, and there he meant to stay. The row that was kicked



MY ARRIVAL IN CAIRO—SOMEWHAT CARICATURED.

up between the courier and the coachman, and at least a dozen Arabs, was something to be remembered but not described. We had to give way, and there was not another cab to be had. There was nothing for it but to walk half-a-mile to the hotel; there was another scrimmage and fight, howling and gesticulating by at least a score of Arabs, as to who should carry our luggage. We got away at last, after the courier had kicked half-a-dozen of them, in a way which would considerably affect their sitting down with comfort.

The scene was a perfectly ludicrous one, and one could not help laughing, in spite of the inconvenience. The accompanying fancy sketches, from a description I had sent home, were subsequently sent to me to Cairo, by my son, E. P. M. They fairly represent the scene, with grotesque exaggeration.

I got safely to bed, where I slept soundly for many hours then I went down and was affectionately welcomed by Mr. Stanley.

I found myself the guest of a very remarkable man, whose name was ringing through the civilized and uncivilized world; a man whom every one was longing to see as the hero of the day. To be so honoured and so sought after was, as he one day said to me, "enough to turn his head, if he had not had much more serious matters to think about."





CHAPTER III.

Double motive of my journey—Stanley and the skins of wild geese—My Russian Count—His promise to shoot some wild geese for me—Stanley's removal from Shepherd's to Hotel Villa Victoria—I settle down there—Our landlord a model "Lotos Eater"—Stanley's apartments—Irritability at work—Amiability at mess—His abstemiousness—Apollinaris almost his only beverage—My first glimpse of the Nile.

I SAID that I had taken this long journey with a two-fold object: my second object was one which doubtless will present itself to my angling friends as one of far greater interest than anything that could be said about Stanley. I was specially commissioned to collect as many of the skins of Egyptian wild geese as I could get. Up to this moment I can only say that this has been a wild-goose chase, but I do not despair yet.

Whilst crossing the Mediterranean I made the acquaintance of a Russian count, who asked me in French if I could speak

French. I said "Non, monsieur ! je ne parle pas Français." "Ah !" says he in English, "you speak French vare well." "Ah !" said I, "you speak English splendidly." "Ah ! no, no," says he, "I cannot speak a vord !" At length, however, by mixing up the languages a bit, and aided by wild gesticulations and pointing of an umbrella at the sea-gulls, and then saying "poof," I came at length to understand that he was going a-shooting in Egypt.

This, thought I, is a lucky chance. I will ask him to shoot me a wild goose ; and I told him in Anglo-Franco language what I wanted. I explained as well as I could that many anglers in England were dying for the want of a few feathers from the neck of an Egyptian wild goose for the purpose of making flies for catching trout and salmon.

"Ah ! is dat so ? I comprends vare well. Mais vat is dat bird a vild goose ? I not comprends."

I wondered how I could make him comprehend, for I could not for the life of me remember the French for wild goose.

He sat opposite to me at dinner, and fortunately among the dishes was roast duck. I drew his attention to a wing on my plate, and I said—

"Wild goose, c'est comme ça, mais plus large—plus grande !"

"Ah, oui, oui," says he ; "canard Egyptien est plus

large que le canard Anglais? Si, I will shoot you un canard Egyptien."

"Non! non!" says I. "That is a duck—I want a wild goose."

Luckily it happened that his neighbour, who spoke French and understood Russian very well, explained to him clearly, and at last he fully comprehended that I wanted a wild goose.

"Oui! certainement, surely I will shoot you a wild goose."

So I am not yet destitute of hope that soon I shall get a supply of those precious feathers which I understand are so scarce in my native land.

I think it may be looked upon as an almost unique thing in the history of authors and publishers for a publisher to be invited to travel so far to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time, there was every chance that it would never be completed at all.

To attain this end Mr. Stanley had very wisely decided not to proceed home, where to write his book in peace and quietness was out of the question; while in Egypt there was a possibility of comparative seclusion, and the advantages of a most delightful climate, where even confinement to the

desk would not be so injurious as in the murky atmosphere of London at that period of the year. Those who know Cairo are well aware that its climate during the winter months is simply perfect. The dry and exhilarating air acts in itself as a tonic, and the almost complete absence of rain and fog and leaden skies, and the genial temperature, all combine to make life in Cairo, even to a recluse, thoroughly enjoyable.

Whitenaar

Mr. Stanley, after his arrival, and after the first display of honours forced upon him by the Khedive and other dignitaries of the place, very wisely departed from the noise and bustle of Shepheard's Hotel, and found a charming retreat in the Hotel Villa Victoria.

This hotel is situated in the most beautiful part of Cairo, not far from the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, and is surrounded on all sides by fine and newly built mansions. It comprises three separate buildings, which form three sides of a quadrangle, in the centre of which is a charming garden. Here are pleasant walks, shaded by huge palms, and orange-trees laden with ripe fruit; one of the latter looked temptingly into Mr. Stanley's working-room. In the centre is a fountain surrounded by tropical and oriental plants, and the antics of a monkey tied to a tree gave variety to the scene.

The landlord of this hotel seems to fully appreciate the charms of his surroundings. How or when he conducts his

business is a mystery. To me it seemed that most of his time was spent lolling luxuriously in a hammock, smoking a cigarette, or, for exercise, mildly swaying himself backward and forward on a rope swing—or reclining and complacently dozing in a bower under a canopy of yellow sweet-scented roses. Life to him appeared like a pleasant dream. He reminded me of Tennyson's "mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters."

"With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

A sharp contrast to this lazy, happy loungeur was the toiler in the room whose open windows looked out over a trellis of roses and ripe mandarins, on this idle garden, where doves and grey-backed crows were familiar visitors. I must, however, do this good landlord the justice of saying that, notwithstanding the easy enjoyment he seems to get out of his life, his hotel is admirably managed. It is charmingly furnished throughout, the living is very good, the bedrooms are lofty, airy, and well looked after in every respect.

It was in that part of the hotel farthest removed from the street that Mr. Stanley took up his abode. Here he had a fine suite of rooms on the ground floor, very handsomely furnished in the oriental style. A large, lofty reception-room and an equally large and handsome dining-room. In these he received some of the most important or most per-

sistent of his many callers ; but as a rule he shut himself up in his bedroom, and there he wrote from early morning till late at night, and woe betide any one who ventured unmasked into this sanctum. He very rarely went out, even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centred on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, "I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content ; but let me alone now, for Heaven's sake."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing ; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams ; why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him throughout his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource.



SALI, WHO ACCOMPANIED STANLEY THROUGHOUT THE EXPEDITION
AND AT CAIRO.

Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours ; but now things were different ; every time he approached the den, the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head ; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar, he poked it into the room and bolted.

At luncheon and dinner Mr. Stanley was quite another man. Then he was most agreeable and chatty, full of anecdote and stories of his adventures—sometimes he would read aloud to us what he deemed to be choice bits from his manuscript—at other times he would speak of his dreams of the future. His great ambition, he said, was to have a nice little house and a nice little wife within an easy distance of London—such a place, I imagine, as that which Cowley longed for—

“ A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.”

He and I and his secretary generally messed together ; occasionally a friend dropped in. Mr. Stanley is himself extremely abstemious. His favourite, indeed, I believe almost

his only beverage is Apollinaris water with a tablespoonful of brandy, and in this respect he is somewhat forgetful of his friends. One evening a friend came in to dinner, and we sat for about two hours smoking and listening to his stories, but it never once occurred to him to ask his friend to take anything with his cigar. At length his guest, who was growing thirsty, asked him before leaving if he might have a little whisky and soda. "My dear fellow," said he, "why did you not ask for it before? I never once thought of it. I ask your pardon!" I frequently remonstrated with him for passing dish after dish without touching them. His invariable reply was, "How can I eat and work? You know well that yonder are several pages for me to complete before I sleep." "But," I replied, "you are killing yourself; it is quite impossible for the strongest constitution to stand such a strain as this; when I came here ten days ago, you seemed to me to be in the most robust health; already I notice a difference in you; you complain of sundry aches and pains; beware of your old enemy, gastric fever!" His reply to this was, "Ah! but the book! the book must be done."

On the day after my arrival Dr. Parke called and urged him, for his health's sake, to go out for a drive with him; but he steadily refused to move out of his room.

One day I did succeed in getting him out for half an hour. We walked down to get a glimpse of the Nile. The air was

sufficiently cool to be invigorating; it did him good. After contemplating the river for a few seconds, he remarked, “Six months ago I drank its waters at its eastern source, which I discovered years ago. On my recent expedition I discovered its western source in the no longer fabulous ‘Mountains of the Moon’—that source water must have taken almost as long to travel here as I have done. Now that you have discovered the mouth, let us go back to work.”

Except to dine out once or twice in the evening, he was only once more outside the garden during my stay.

We roamed along the river’s banks for half an hour, but I saw no wild geese; still I do not despair—I am on the track of them. My angling friends, let not your hearts be heavy for fear that I shall not succeed. I have not seen my Russian Count yet, but I have his word, his promise, and will he not keep it?



CHAPTER IV.

Hard work—Developing Negatives—Copying Manuscript—Sunset from the Citadel—The Mouski—Museum of Antiquities—Rameses II.—Visit to the Pyramids—Climbling old Cheops—The Bedouins who help me—The Granite Temple—The Sphinx—I encounter my Count again—Further promises to shoot a wild goose for me—"The King of Egypt," Mr. Cook, and the British army all on the *qui vive* for wild geese—How crocodiles are caught.



MAY say that my own life while in Cairo was not one of indolence or leisure. I never worked more incessantly in my life, for I had determined not to leave Cairo without a very large proportion of the complete manuscript, and the whole of the sketches and maps in my portmanteau.

First, there were Stanley's photographs to be developed by a local photographer, in order that we might see how they



STANLEY AT WORK.

would come out. It is needless to say that these negatives, taken with infinite care, by Stanley himself, of scenes all through the journey, were regarded by him and by me with the utmost jealousy. I therefore took upon myself to watch the whole process from beginning to end, and I never lost sight of these precious negatives till I carried them back to the hotel. Alas I am sorry to say that many of the pictures had almost disappeared from the glass, and at best could only serve to suggest valuable hints to our artist. These had been over-exposed or not sufficiently exposed in the blazing sun of the tropics; others I was delighted to find come out quite clearly, and represent scenes of the greatest value, artistically and geographically, as well as conveying accurate types of new races in the interior.

Again, knowing that I should have to convey with me a manuscript of very great value, which, if lost in transit, would not merely be a loss to myself but to a world of readers anxiously waiting for it, I decided to have a second copy made of the whole. One copy I determined to carry with me, and the other to send forward registered to London, in a separate trunk.

To accomplish this I obtained and set up a copying-press in the secretary's room, but as much of Stanley's manuscript before I reached him had not been written in copying-ink, that portion I copied out myself, and for the remainder I

worked away several hours at the copying-press, and obtained in this way about four hundred folios.

Notwithstanding this excessive toil to which I had voluntarily condemned myself, I lost no opportunity of seeing as much as I possibly could of the wonderful old city of Cairo and its surroundings. No one should go to Cairo without ascending to the citadel about the hour of sunset: the view is superb.

It is no part of my object to describe Cairo or the scenery round about it, there are plenty of guide-books, and plenty of guides and donkeys to take one everywhere. The *Mouski* is the busiest thoroughfare in Old Cairo. In this street and in the narrow passages running out of it on each side are to be found the numerous *bazaars* for which the city is famous.

The mosques, palaces, and dancing dervishes are the chief sights.

On one occasion I walked over to the new Museum of Antiquities, which has only just been removed from Bûlâk to the palace of Gezireh, about three miles from the city. Here the most remarkable thing that I observed, amidst many things most wonderful, was the mummy of Rameses II. The body, partly uncovered, is exhibited under a glass case. The head, neck, and arms, and legs, and feet are bare. That face has haunted me ever since—it is in a most perfect state

of preservation. There are the thick, prominent lips, the high cheek-bones, clad with tight-fitting leathery skin ; strong aquiline nose, receding forehead—the very look of the man who oppressed the Israelites.

"Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat
Has hob-a-nobbed with Moses g'ass to glass."

There are many other mummies in an equally perfect state ; but this fellow, who argued with and scolded Moses, if he did not *hobanob* with him ; there he is in ghastly perfection. One seems to know him, as if he had only died yesterday. In the streets of Cairo to-day one sees many a fine old fellow with exactly that nose, those lips, and chin.

One day I took Stanley's courier with me, and we drove out to the pyramids, keeping a sharp look-out on the different inlets and lagoons we passed on the way. Ducks and snipes, herons and vultures, in abundance ; but geese, no ! After lunching at the new hotel which, in spite of the strong opposition of the Bedouins, has recently sprung up there as a health resort, on the very verge of the desert, I mounted a donkey, and clambered up the winding ascent, protected from the desert sand by high walls on each side, for a quarter of a mile, when we found ourselves at the foot of old Cheops. I was immediately surrounded by about forty Bedouins, all wanting to carry me up to the top. I decided to ascend, chiefly, I may say, with the object of getting a wider range,

and with my field-glass to scan the country round to look for wild geese. After much shrieking, the sheik reduced the number of candidates for the honour of helping me up to three, and away we started. I assure you it is no joke climbing these over three-feet steps to a giddy height. One of the number announced himself as—"Me Arab doctor. Me take care your health no suffer. Me rub your legs, den dey not stiff to-morrow mornin'." After I had got up a short distance, he set about and rubbed my legs; and really the rubbing did me good. I felt nothing of the subsequent fatigue usually experienced after mountain climbing. Then they started me off again, two before and one behind, besides a fourth, who had followed unbidden, and who did nothing but carry an earthen bottle. I wondered what his business was. Presently I discovered. Whenever I sat down for a breath he brought me his bottle. "Ah!" says he, "you drink dis water, it ver good, from de Nile." Then they all shouted, "Oh, yes, guv'nor, Nile water; good for you; drink, drink!" So I drank. It may be very good; but it was certainly very nasty; and so we went up, up, up. "Ah, master governor, you very clever to climb." When I got three-fourths of the way up, I surveyed the country round; the great Lybian and Saharan deserts on the one hand, the fertile valley of the Nile on the other. My courier was delighted at the chance of seeing the pyramids, but he



CLIMBING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.



was too nervous to attempt the ascent himself, and begged me not to venture. Looking down from the height I had reached he appeared like a black bottle with arms stretched out, or a beetle standing on his hind legs, gesticulating wildly to me to be careful, for he expected every moment to see us all come tumbling down together.

The scene is a most remarkable one : away off yonder, looking westward as far as the distant horizon, nothing but glaring sand and naked hills and rocks ; here below us are the sphinx and the other and smaller pyramids. Looking southwards and northwards, in the distance one can see other pyramids and brown death-like deserts. Turning eastward, the scene is changed ; there is the great river, enclosed by green fields and rich arable land, intersected by canals, all lined with graceful palms or acacias ; and away off, still looking eastward, the whole city of Cairo stands out, with its mosques and tall minarets, backed up by the Mokattam Hills.

The road from Cairo to the pyramids is one straight line almost the whole distance, each side shaded by evergreen acacia-trees. A grand panorama, truly ; but nowhere in that wide expanse of desert and fertile valley could I descry the least sign of wild goose.

My Bedouins produced for my gratification all sorts of antiquities—old coins, old beetles, scarabæi, statuettes, &c.,

of wonderful value, which they swore they had picked up in the tombs, and begged me to exchange them for the merest trifle in the way of modern Egyptian coins ; but I had heard of a celebrated manufactory in Birmingham for these things, and was obdurate.

The descent, unlike that of Avernus, is far less easy than the fatiguing climb up. On reaching the bottom my Bedouins all shouted Hurrah ! hurrah ! and then came the question of baksheesh. They all vowed they were honest men with large families. One of them told me quite confidentially, as though he was entrusting me with a profound secret, that it did not pay to be dishonest, because, said he, " If I dishonest, my money all fly away quick ; but if I honest, my money stick to me—true." Many travellers, they said, were very mean. When they took them up to the top and brought them down without breaking their necks, they would go away and give them nothing—nothing at all. " Ah, but you good kind guv'nor. You rich gentleman, like de Prince of Wales. You give good baksheesh, sar ! " I paid the sheik the two legitimate francs they were entitled to, and gave them half-a-franc each besides.

" Now, guv'nor," said the doctor, " you give me two francs, you see me run up to top of pyramid and down in ten minutes ; " but I declined to give him even the one franc which he finally proposed to do it for.

I mounted my donkey and started off to survey the Sphinx and the recently excavated Granite Temple. A Bedouin sheik with a strip of magnesium now and then threw light on the dark places in the wonderful chambers of this temple, and pointed out the enormous slabs of alabaster and granite of which they are built.

On my way I met the Marquis of Hartington and four other members of his party all mounted on donkeys. I was glad to find I was in the fashion.

Then my sure-footed donkey carried me by devious up and down paths to the feet of the Sphinx—that wonderful, broken-nosed, mild-eyed, smiling watchman of the desert. There, suddenly, I came upon my Russian count. His servant, in light blue livery lashed with white, was holding a noble Arab steed with one hand and the count's double-barrelled breech-loader with the other. The count himself was assisting his friend in photographing the Sphinx. No sooner did he catch sight of me on my donkey than he rushed up to me as if we had been bosom friends for years. I think he meant to kiss me on both cheeks, as the manner of his people is; but I was mounted, so he could not reach up, and I did not reach down for the salute. I demanded what sport he had had in the way of shooting. He said, “Ah! pas encore! pas encore! I have not been. Vait a leetle vwhile; I must vinish my photograph, den I go for snipes, and maybe

I shall shoot a wild goose. Certainment, I will not forget my promise to you. Goot-bye, my vriend. Adieu!"

We quitted the region of the pyramids, delighted with our most interesting trip; and I, still further buoyed up with hope of securing my wild geese. Why need I despair? Besides my good count I have enlisted the whole British Army now stationed in Cairo. My kind friend the colonel has started them all on the look out for wild geese on my account.

Again, the real King of Egypt, the all-powerful and popular Mr. Cook is on my side. I met him at lunch at the colonel's one day. Naturally I started the subject of wild geese. He was deeply interested at once. He is constantly running up and down the Nile for a thousand miles or so, and he promised to bring his whole influence to bear on the capture of wild geese in the upper regions.

Once again I met him in the street. He put his hand on his expansive bosom, and solemnly said, "I will *not* forget your wild geese!" Again, once more, let me say I have enlisted Dr. Parke (Stanley's doctor) on my side. He is seeking far and wide for wild geese. I may add, as a last resort, I think I may in need count upon the assistance of my great friend, the discoverer of Livingstone, of the sources of the Nile, the rescuer of Emin Pasha, who, I believe, is as ready as ever to oblige me—if my other efforts fail—and to

start on a wild goose chase. What, then, can my old friend Dr. W—— mean by saying that the search is a hopeless one ; for, notwithstanding his statement that his friend, Sir Henry Layard, who discovered the Nineveh bull, had failed to find an Egyptian wild goose for him, I confidently expect a ship-load before long.

Since my return home the gallant colonel has written to me as follows :—

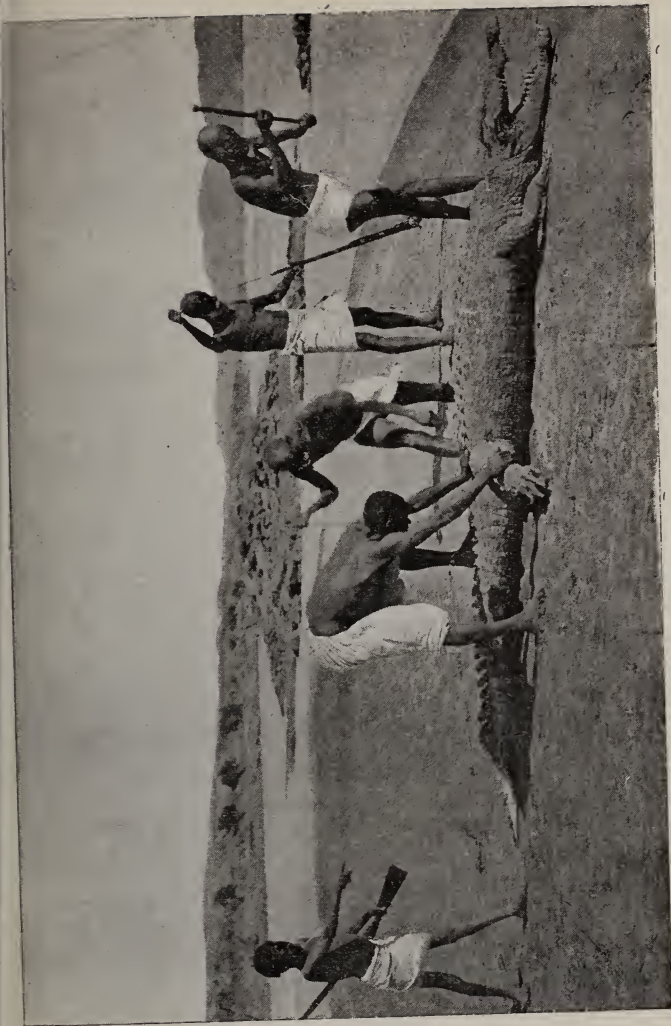
“My first attempt at getting you the goose feathers has been a failure, as, though three guns blazed away from Lord H. and Dr. L., no birds fell. However, we must live in hopes of better luck up Nile.”

I might have said before that on my outward journey in passing down the Suez Canal I descried in the dim distance thousands, it may be millions, of birds arranged in long, long rows, like regiments of soldiers ; the rows seemed to be tinged all along with a slight line of pink ; these I took to be flamingos. Again I could descry other widely extended regiments which did not exhibit the pink fringe. These I took to be geese, and my hopes were excited. I thought, if these are geese, and my count gets amongst them, I shall soon be well supplied with goose skins. Now I am inclined to think they were not geese but gulls. In fact, as I have now learnt, these shy birds do not come down the Nile till

much later on in the season. At present they haunt the upper regions of the river, a thousand miles away ; it is away up there that my friends are on the look-out for them. Again, therefore, I say, let not my friends be despondent. Before the natural May-fly arises from the mud of the river-beds, the material for making his most superb *fac-simile* shall be with you.

The crocodile cannot, I suppose, be called a *fish* ; but being an amphibious reptile a description of the fun of catching one should very properly find a place here. But I did not catch one. I did not even see one. The march of civilization and Cook's and Gaze's Nile boats, to say nothing of the immense flotilla which during the late war Sir Wm. F. Butler conveyed beyond the second cataract, have driven the great saurians away back into the upper regions ; still they are occasionally to be found in the neighbourhood of Cairo. The fishermen sometimes find one fast asleep on the sand banks with his jaws wide open, but it is not easy to catch one napping ; one corner of his eye is always open, and his jaws are always ready to close with a sudden snap on the unwary.

The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of one caught and killed recently. This fellow seems to have been shot ; but I am told that the Arabs of the Soudan fre-



KILLING A CROCODILE.

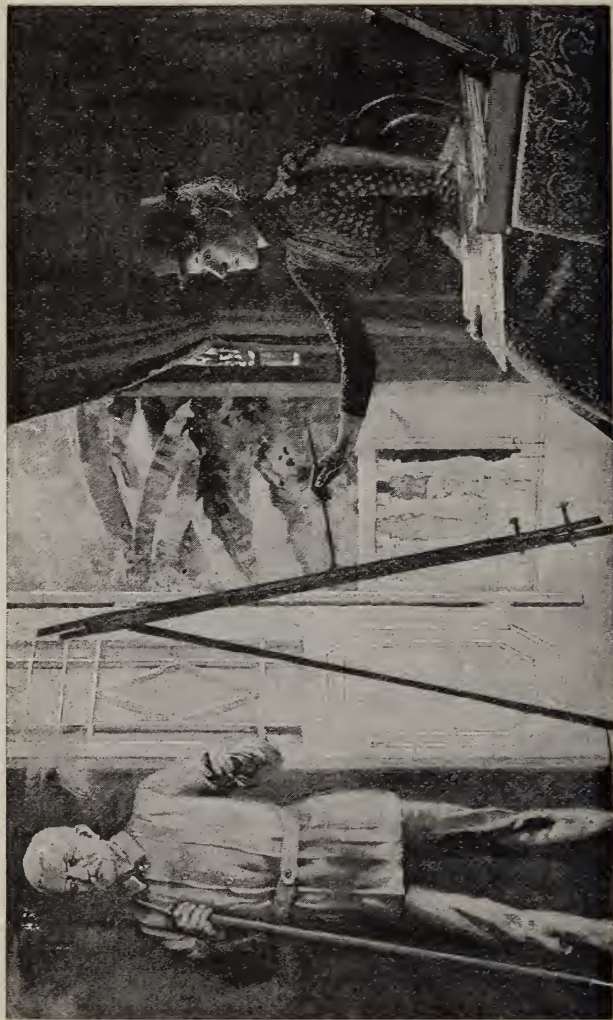
quently angle for it with large hooks baited with meat. A kind of musk is obtained from its glands, and the flesh is eaten by the Soudanese. I am growing homesick. 'Midst crocodiles and pyramids though one may roam, one tires of them at last.



CHAPTER V.

Stanley's note-books, facsimiles of—Sitting for his portrait to Miss Meyrick—Mr. Joseph Bell taking notes of illustrations—Visit of Zebehr Pasha—Shoals of letters—An Austrian enthusiast wishes to introduce forty compatriots—Astute bribery—Quotations from correspondence—Stanley's *old cap* wanted—"Is Stanley in church?"—Grand balloon ascent—Terrific thunderstorm.

MR. STANLEY'S memory for names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His constant habit was to carry a small note-book 6 × 3 inches in his side pocket: in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger



MISS MEYRICK PAINTING MR. STANLEY'S PORTRAIT.

volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. I append a fac-simile of a page from one of these journals. In addition to these field notebooks and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc.

One of the few diversions from the constant labour on his book in which Mr. Stanley indulged during my residence with him was sitting for his portrait to Miss E. M. Meyrick, a student and silver medallist of the Royal Academy, who was spending the winter in Cairo; and the operation was one in which the great traveller evidently took great pleasure. I am not sure, however, that he was regarded by Miss Meyrick as a model sitter. The painting had been commissioned by Sir George Elliot, and was destined for the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society of London. The portrait is life-size and nearly full length, a defect in my humble opinion, as it terminates abruptly below the knees, and I could see no good reason why the feet should not have been included; as it is the legs and the iron-shod staff have the look of being abruptly cut off. Apart from this, which may be very inartistic criticism, the portrait struck me as being a remarkably good and life-like one.

Another diversion, or rather distraction, from his work was the necessary attention he had to give to the artist

The Balyga of Badzula had decamped leaving their village with an abundant supply of grain. Kavalli gave orders that I should be distributed. This furnished to our people 5 days rations.

Messengers from Kyga-ndondo appeared soon after our arrival reporting that he was dying "to see me. It must be remembered that on 16th Dec he declined our friendship, sent messengers to disturb us in our bivouac, followed us on the 17th and killed three of our sick men who were lying behind the column. But now hearing that Magamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, are band together with us, he of course hastens to make reparation. He is however safe from vengeance since he is in some measure friendly with Emin Pasha. But before I could answer these messengers Kottubi chief of the Balyga mountaineers came in with a cow, two goats, several bundles of sweet potatoes, and a couple of pots of beer. It was with Kottubi's people we had such a stubborn fight from the plateau above Dec 13th last. He now proposed allegiance, surrendering his country wholly into my hands. With this bold challenge we made friends quickly enough. and after a lengthy interview parted. An answer was given to Kyga-ndondo that I could receive nothing from him until I had seen Emin

Sasha. who is reported him to be a friend of his, would likewise be accepted of us.

The goods bought: in Badiza village consist of prepared hides, skins, pots, jars, bowls, musical instruments, spears, & bow arrows. Among these I noticed a well made guitar of Bshy.



• and also a dulcimer of six strings of this pattern

whom I had taken with me for the purpose of making working drawings for the various artists to be employed on the illustrations.

Mr. Joseph Bell was an admirable sketcher, fertile in suggestion, and quick at taking hints and notes, but somehow he always managed to irritate Stanley by what may be called his excessive verbosity, and the mischievous delight he always took in endeavouring to land Stanley on the horns of some dilemma. For example, he got him to describe the method of getting a donkey across a deep river. Stanley explained to him how the porter led the donkey into the stream, holding the bridle and keeping the donkey's head (which was alone visible) out of the water, with one hand, and swimming vigorously with the other hand. "Yes," said Bell; "did the porter carry a rifle?" "Of course," said Stanley. "Yes," said Bell, "and in which hand did he carry the rifle, seeing that one hand is already engaged in guiding and helping the donkey, and the other in swimming for dear life?" This was a sort of fun which Stanley did not appreciate. On the whole they were very good friends, but Stanley could not endure the torture for more than two hours a day, and he always rose from the encounter with a sigh of relief and a wish that it was all over.

As regards the illustrations in his book, Mr. Stanley does not pretend to be an artist, but during his whole journey,



STANLEY AND JOSEPH BELL, THE ARTIST, PREPARING SKETCHES.

and even under the most perilous conditions, he never failed to make rough notes and sketches, or photographs, of the most interesting scenes and events, and in this way he accumulated abundant material. Of course, they were not in all cases such as an artist could make a perfect picture from without the aid of Stanley's accurate memory and vivid power of description.

The illustrations in this volume were obtained by Mr. Bell for this special purpose. In order to insure accuracy of detail, I obtained for him Mr. Stanley's sanction to take a photograph of every scene; and these photographs have greatly assisted him.

Among the celebrities who called upon Mr. Stanley was Zebehr Pasha, the great Soudan slave-dealer, of whom Gordon had such a high opinion that he urged the Government to appoint him as his successor at Khartoum, in 1883-84. He remained some time chatting with Stanley.

It is needless to say that every mail brought Stanley shoals of letters from all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, and from all parts of the world; and his courier was besieged by numbers of total strangers ready to bribe him to any extent if only he could arrange for them to get even a glance at him.

One day an Austrian enthusiast called and sent in a polite note asking Stanley to fix a time when he might bring *forty*

of his compatriots with him, all anxious for the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. This astute gentleman accompanied his request by a very handsomely mounted cigar-case as a souvenir. This elegant little present obtained for the persevering stranger a brief interview for himself, but the hand-shaking of his forty friends could not possibly be entertained.

It has unfortunately happened that notwithstanding the immense number of letters received, the practice has generally been to destroy them after brief acknowledgment, otherwise I should have had a very rich assortment placed at my disposal; as it is, I am permitted to make a few extracts from the letters received by one or two of the last mails, which had not yet been consigned to oblivion.

The first I quote from is one that touches me personally; it comes from the United States.

Don't let the publishers or the Lecture Bureau chaps worry you almost to death, simply because the world wants to know more fully, and by next week if possible, what you have done.

I am bound to admit the wisdom of these words.

Here is a charming little letter from a small school-girl in Wales:

DEAR MR. STANLEY:

I have been very much interested in hearing about your travels in Africa, and should very much like to read your book, as I am sure it

would be very interesting. I would much rather read about a geographical hero than a historical one. It was very kind of you to go through such perils to rescue Emin Pasha. I liked so much to hear of your fighting against the dwarfs, and should like to see one very much; they must look so funny, being so small. I am a little school-girl at — school, and I am eleven years old. I am very fond of geography, and am always longing to go round the world.

I remain

Your little friend,

G. E.

Another enthusiast hailing from America asks for Mr. Stanley's *old cap*.

Right glad am I that you are once more in a civilized country. I have carefully watched your proceedings from the time you discovered Livingstone. *You are a brick!* Now, if you are inclined to sell the *cap you wore through Africa*, I am prepared to give you a *fancy price for it*, to add to my collection of curiosities; it shall be preserved in a glass case with your name on same.

A firm of tobacconists makes the following cool request:

Will you kindly accord us your gracious permission to append your noble name, and your photograph (might we ask for your autograph?) to a first-class quality of cigar and cigarette, made by ourselves from the best and finest tobacco, &c.

A photographer writes:

SIR: Pray excuse the liberty taken by a stranger in approaching you at a time when your hands and mind must be so full, but since to satisfy the demands of an admiring public some one must claim

the proud position of performing the task I covet, that of executing a portrait, etc.

A poetical soldier in Cairo says :

I humbly beg you will kindly accept the enclosed few simple lines from a soldier. I am no poet, but have expressed myself as well as possible, etc.

Mr. S. replied kindly to this, and has made the Cairo soldier very proud.

The following letter is from an old acquaintance of the Pocock days :

DEAR SIR: Please to excuse me for the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but in knowing you, an' taking a very great enterests in you treavels, I congrelatue you on your safe return, hoping you may long live to Injoy you ealth and hapness for your labours. I have always taken great entrest in yours travels ever since we meet at Zanzibar. . . . I ham the man that don your boat when the Pocock Brothers was with you and I should lik a few lines from you, as I should like them put in our papers here, etc.

One Sunday morning I went to church with Stanley's secretary; in the middle of the service the latter was touched on the shoulder and a tiny slip of paper placed in his hands: "Is Stanley in church?" The secretary gave a slight shrug, pointing gravely at me, sitting next him. Mr. Stanley's hair is white: my hair is white; there our resemblance begins and ends. I was quite unconscious until I left the



STANLEY DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY.

church that at least one individual had gone away happy in the full belief that he had sat near the great explorer.

On that same Sunday evening all Cairo was astir with one of the great events of the season—a grand balloon ascent from the Ezbekiah Gardens, the closest and hottest evening I had experienced in Cairo. The bright sunshine and the variegated costumes of the inhabitants crowded in and all round the gardens made a bright and pretty picture. The balloon went up in gallant style and without any hitch. She conveyed the General of the British Troops, a staff officer, and the proprietor. No sooner had she sailed up and away out of our sight than the sky became clouded, the air more close and sultry, and a terrific thunderstorm burst over our heads. The electric fluid seemed to have a special liking for our hotel. It set all our electric bells a-ringing; the waiters were terror-stricken, and hid themselves away in cellars and behind doors. No serious accident happened. Rain, the first I had seen, came down in torrents; then all cleared off and left us a cool and refreshing evening.

The balloon and its gallant guests, about whom great fears were entertained, as they were supposed to be in the very thick of the storm-cloud, landed safely some twenty miles away, having steered clear of the storm the whole distance.



CHAPTER VI.

Stanley as I knew him—His belief in an overruling Providence—Bidding adieu—My landlady presents me with a memento of yellow roses—They embarrass me as a solitary traveller—Gift to a fellow-traveller, who promises to preserve every petal as coming from Stanley's garden—Arrival at the Hotel Abbat, Alexandria—On board the *Euterpe*—Meet the *Vorwärts* signalling for help—A brother publisher on board—Hastening to visit Stanley—Excitement in America about *the Book*—Rival publishers and rival books.

MR. STANLEY was no stranger to me when I first arrived here. My whole experience of him most fully confirmed the opinion I have always held, through good report and evil report, for the last eighteen years. That he is the greatest explorer of modern times will scarcely be gainsaid by his bitterest enemies ; but beyond the possession, in an unusual degree, of the qualifications for a successful explorer, it is impossible to live long

with him in the intimacy in which I have lived without discovering in him many other of the characteristics which go to make a good and great man, a ruler of men. His conversation, frequently impassioned, was always elevated and pure, carrying with it the conviction of truthfulness and earnestness of purpose; his conception of duty high and noble; his scorn of everything sordid and mean strong and withering; he is truthful and sincere, and without a tinge of envy or malice. He is generous, even lavish in his gifts. Notwithstanding his iron will, his heart is as tender as a child's. That his mind is imbued with a reverential belief in an overruling Providence is constantly exhibited in his conversation.

"I am not," said he, "what is called superstitious. I believe in God, the Creator of the Universe . . . Many forms of belief and curious ideas respecting the great mystery of our being and creation have been suggested to me during my life and its wanderings, but after weighing each, and attempting to understand what must be unsearchable, my greatest comfort has been in peacefully resting firm in the faith of my sires. For all the human glory that surrounds the memory of Darwin and his wise compeers throughout advanced Europe, I would not abate a jot or tittle of my belief in the Supreme God and that Divine man called His Son."

In the existence of supernatural agencies, and judging by the story of "Randy and the Guinea Fowl," which he related in his recent article in *Scribner's Magazine*, it is evident that miracles presented no stumbling-block to him.

He is certainly not immaculate. I have seen and known something of his strong and passionate nature, but I have read in this book something, too, of his wonderful self-control under the most trying circumstances in which a man could be placed. Take him for all in all, I think it may well be said of him that he does not make the high place he has reached

"A lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a Blameless Life."

I bade adieu to Mr. Stanley on the 3rd of March, with my portmanteau stuffed with manuscripts, glass negatives, and maps.

He worked at his manuscript with as much ardour as when (to quote Gerald Massey),—

"He strode o'er streams and mountains,
To free the leaguered band:
He stood by Nile's far fountains,
Lord of the old Dark Land!
Where Death the forest haunted,
And never dawned the day,
He pierced the gloom undaunted,—
For that was Stanley's way."

On leaving the Hotel Villa Victoria the good landlady presented me with a large bouquet of beautiful orange-yellow roses, gathered from her garden. It was very good and thoughtful of her; but what could I, a solitary traveller, do with so interesting a souvenir?

A small deputation from the Hotel accompanied me to the railway station. I found myself face to face in the railway carriage with a charming young English girl, who with her father and mother were the only occupants. I begged the young lady to accept at least a portion of my roses. They had been up the Nile, and being all three very good artists, had brought away with them innumerable well-executed sketches and drawings of ruins, pillars, inscriptions from Karnak and all the other well-known ruins on the river. They had a large collection of Egyptian antiquities, such as a mummified sacred cat, old pots, pans, coins, and beetles; but when they heard that these identical roses once grew in Stanley's garden every other Egyptian object became insignificant. Every petal of those roses is now, I'll warrant, most carefully preserved in some safe receptacle at home.

I lost sight of these new friends in Alexandria, where I spent only one night at the Hotel Abbat. By eight o'clock next morning I was on board the Italian steamer *Euterpe* bound for Brindisi. The weather was squally, and the sea turbulent.

In mid-Mediterranean we met the Austrian Lloyd's boat the *Vorwärts* going East. This steamer was crippled by a broken screw, and signalled ours for help, but eventually she sailed away without our assistance.

It was a remarkable circumstance that on board the crippled boat was Mr. Arthur Scribner, Stanley's American publisher, who had crossed the Atlantic, and was on his way to pay Stanley a visit at Cairo, where also he expected to find me. I could have hailed him from our boat had I known of his being on the *Vorwärts*.

Great as the interest felt about Mr. Stanley has been in Europe, it seems to have been far more intense in America, the country of which he is a naturalized citizen; this was shown by the eagerness with which any, even the slightest scrap of information about Mr. Stanley and his movements was seized upon by the newspapers. It was also made plain by the large amount of correspondence which every mail brought to him from across the Atlantic; but perhaps a still greater proof of his popularity in the United States was the fact of the very keen competition amongst American publishers of the first class which resulted in Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons obtaining the copyright and entire control of his great work or the United States and Canada. This competition was legitimate, bold, spirited; and Messrs. Scribner's enterprise gained them the honour of becoming Mr. Stanley's publishers.

Another consequence of Mr. Stanley's popularity has been the fact of other publishers announcing by showy and misleading advertisements, books pretending to be what they were not and could not be, viz., the great work of which Mr. Stanley had not then issued a line.

The story I have already told is sufficient proof that such bogus and unscrupulous announcements were utterly misleading. Books made of old and outside material, and of electros from illustrations which have done their duty years ago, may in themselves be allowable so long as they do not trench on some one else's copyright; but to foist such things on the public as being Mr. Stanley's new work is as contemptible as it is mischievous, and the public cannot be too strongly warned against them.

Of course these invaders¹ of the legitimate rights of Mr. Stanley and his publishers had an enormous advantage over them in being able to get up promptly for canvassing purposes

¹ They had even invaded the Australasian Colonies. Here is an extract from a letter recently received from a bookseller at Dunedin: "The excitement here is tremendous, and scarcely anything else but Stanley is spoken of: any scraps of news about his meetings, speeches, &c., are eagerly read. I cannot express in writing the tremendous admiration all colonists have for the explorer. Three American book-hawkers are doing terrible damage here by persuading people to buy a hash-up of Stanley's travels. . . . I am trying to bring some of these canvassers to book."



THE MAN WHO COULD NOT TELL A LIE.
(Does he look like it?)

NOTICE.—This man is NOT employed by the New York concern that republished the two-volume English Stanley. They would have no use for him.

HEROES OF THE DARK CONTINENT.
—The Great and Only Genuine and Complete History of Africa and African Exploration, including Stanley's Last Expedition.—Tremendous Success of this Great Standard Work.

NEW PLATES! NEW EDITION!! EVERYTHING NEW !!!

The above is facsimile from an advertisement of this work ; is only a specimen of many similar ones.

sample volumes, with flashy pictures and extravagant bindings, and matter made up from the very scant material supplied in Mr. Stanley's already published letters, bumped out by other matter pillaged from his previous works; whilst the legitimate publishers could show nothing, simply because *the book* had not yet been written, and the illustrations were still in Mr. Stanley's sketch-book, and he himself thousands of miles away.

It was with a view of counteracting this persistent and pernicious lying that Mr. Arthur Scribner crossed the Atlantic, and pursued me to Cairo, in order, if possible, to get something to prove to his misled countrymen that they were being grossly imposed upon. Before he arrived at Cairo I had left there. We met, as I have said, in mid-Mediterranean.

He went on to Cairo, saw the great man, and obtained the following open letter from him.

“NOTICE TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

“I beg distinctly to state that the only publishers in America who have any authority to publish anything whatever of mine are Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Messrs. Harper Brothers. My new and shortly forthcoming work, ‘In Darkest Africa,’ is exclusively in the hands of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I cannot too emphatically condemn the conduct of a firm calling itself the Historical Publishing Company, who, in the name of truth and justice, put forth an advertisement headed ‘Look out! Do not be deceived!’ which is made up of the most barefaced falsehoods.

“The work which they announce as ‘Heroes of the Dark Continent’ I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal more. I emphatically deny this statement.

“I have simply to say once for all that these people can by no possibility publish anything of mine but what they have dishonestly appropriated from my previous works; and being an American citizen, and therefore holding my copyright there, I shall in due time take proper measures to protect myself against such unprincipled robbery.

“I am aware that several other publishers are announcing spurious works purporting to be mine. I therefore think it high time that all my good friends in America should be put on their guard, and bear in mind that my authorised work will be called ‘In Darkest Africa,’ in two volumes, and will be published only by Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

Then Mr. Scribner climbed to the top of the tallest pyramid, took a general survey of the land of Egypt, and returned to Europe next day.



CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Brindisi—Trip up the harbour to a vine-grower's chateau—Virgil's cottage—Naples in a mist—Rome in a torrent of rain—Sight-seeing under difficulties—Milan Cathedral in the early morning—Arrival at Paris—Arrangements with the Artist M. Riou—Train de Luxe—Home—Proofs despatched to Cairo—Dinner to Stanley by his Publishers—Statistics about the book—Stanley's speech—The Book is published—And Stanley married.

THE weather continued rough and boisterous, my personal experience of the Mediterranean was not satisfactory, and I was glad to get ashore at Brindisi—too late for the morning train for Naples and Rome. Brindisi is not a very lively place whereat to spend even a few hours. I was fortunate in making acquaintance on the quay with a young Italian who invited me to join him in a boat; he took me two or three miles up the

eastern arm of the harbour and landed me at a charming chateau on the opposite side—which he then told me was his father's summer residence—a lovely spot surrounded by very prettily laid out gardens of flowers and orange and lemon trees, and many acres of vineyard. He invited me to join him in a bottle of most delicious old Italian wine, which, however, he was careful to tell me did not grow there—for the grapes produced in that part of the country are too coarse; it is therefore all shipped to the north to mix with other and finer sorts. My young acquaintance pointed out to me the spot where once stood the cottage in which Virgil died. He said that it belonged to his father, who had tried in vain to induce the Italian government to purchase this classic residence; but the government did not seem to care about Virgil or his cottage, and his father cared very much more about the money value of the place—so he pulled it down and built a modern residence on the spot.

I started by the night-train for Naples, and arrived in the early morning, waking up just in time to get a glimpse now and then of Vesuvius, smoking away as usual when he is not flaming. It was a dreary morning, the sky leaden and dismal. The glimpse I caught of the Bay of Naples was not encouraging—drizzling rain and a murky atmosphere reminded me more of what I had to look forward to in my native land in the month of March than the sunny south of Italy. I

may say that I saw nothing of Naples. I had to hurry on with my precious portmanteau, which I never lost sight of. We left Naples at 7 A.M. and I arrived at Rome, Hôtel d'Angleterre, very unwell and in a downpour of rain.

Next morning I got up at six o'clock, wrote many letters, and after breakfast, as no English guide could be found at that time of day, I had to content myself with an Italian coachman to drive me round. He was mighty civil and communicative ; he pointed to the principal sights with much enthusiasm—but as he spoke Italian, of which I knew but very few words, the valuable information he gave was wholly lost upon me. We crossed the muddy, murky Tiber, passed under the walls of the frowning fortress of St. Angelo, and so on to St. Peter's—where I lingered for a few most interesting minutes—then we clambered up the hill to Tasso's Garden, from whence we saw the whole of the City of Rome at our feet, and the Albanian Mountains in the distance. Hard by, we looked in at a convent, and I was shown the grave of St. Peter—looking down into which a polite monk drew up with a long scoop a small quantity of the mould, which, for aught I knew, may be a bit of St. Peter himself "turned to dust ;" it cost me a franc, and is now deposited as a precious relic in my pocket-book.

We descended the hill by another route, re-crossed the

river by an old wooden bridge—then I had a hasty run through the Capitol, looked into several churches, passed Trajan's Monument—drove down to the Coliseum—back to the hotel by 12.30—had lunch, and at 1.30 I was in the rain bound for Paris.

Thus, mainly owing to this precious portmanteau which haunted me day and night, was I compelled to quit this beautiful city, almost without seeing it—a lost opportunity never likely to recur for me.

Leaving Rome at 1.30 P.M. on Sunday, we arrived at Milan next morning at 7.30. I ran round the city before the shops were open; had a glance at the exterior and interior of the beautiful Cathedral, and left by 9.15 train the same morning for Paris, which I reached on Tuesday morning very early.

I completed arrangements with M. Riou to make a certain number of drawings for the great book, and settled other matters with the French publishers (MM. Hachette & Co.). I left by the Train de Luxe at about 2.30, and reached home by midnight.

On the 12th of March I placed a large portion of the MS. of Vol. I. in the hands of Messrs. Clowes, and on the evening of the 14th proofs of the same were despatched to Cairo.

Thenceforward everything went smoothly and rapidly, till

finally on June 28 the great book made its appearance in at least ten European languages, printed in the different countries. It had fallen to my lot to make all needful arrangements for simultaneous publication in all these countries. As the work progressed through the press, first, second, and third sets of proof sheets, electros of all illustrations, and transfers of maps were systematically and simultaneously despatched to nearly every country in Europe, and also to America.

Thus editions of “In Darkest Africa” have already appeared in their different languages in England, America, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Bohemia, Hungary, and arrangements are in progress for the publication in Russian and Arabic.

Two days before the publication of the book, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Stanley by his publishers—at the Holborn Restaurant (June 26).

Mr. Edward Marston occupied the chair, and amongst those present were, besides the guest of the evening, the Bishop of Ripon, Rev. W. Martin, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and Rev. F. W. Low, Sir Ford North, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. William Black, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. H. H. Johnston, Mr. Henty, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, Mr. P. Du Chaillu, Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, Mr. C. J. Moberley Bell (of the *Times*), Mr. N. Maccoll, Editor of the *Athenæum*, Mr. J. R. Robinson (*Daily News*), Mr. Wemyss Reed, Mr. Stuart J. Reed,

Mr. Bram Stoker, Stuart Cumberland, Captain Abney, H. H. Howorth, M.P., Mr. Crosby Lockwood, Mr. Sotheran, Mr. L. K. Wilson, Mr. Mudie, Mr. W. Senior, &c.

The French publishers were represented by MM. Fouret and Kleinau, and the American publishers by Mr. Bangs, and the artists by Monsieur Riou and Mr. Sydney P. Hall. The printers by Messrs. W. C. K. Clowes and E. A. Clowes; the paper-makers by Mr. F. P. Barlow, and the engravers by Mr. J. D. Cooper, together with many other friends.

One can but very roughly estimate the number of copies that have been printed in the different countries.

The Chairman on the above occasion made the following remarks on the statistics of the work :—

“ The work contains, roughly speaking, a thousand pages of forty lines each. On January 25 of this year, not a line of it had been written. Then it was that Mr. Stanley sat down at the Villa Victoria in Cairo, with a firm determination that nothing earthly should stop him till he had finished it. In fifty days he completed his self-imposed task, or rather the task which he says I imposed upon him. This means that he not merely wrote out, but he had to think out, twenty pages, say, 8000 words, a day. Gentlemen, if you wish to know what an amount of endurance and perseverance that means, I recommend you to try the experiment yourselves. It is easy enough to write twenty very long pages a day, for one, two, or three days, but to keep on doing so for fifty days consecutively, without any break or relaxation whatever to speak of, is quite another matter.

Now let me glance at the manufacture of these volumes. In view of the enormous amount of public interest felt in this book I see no objection for once to depart from our usual reticence in such matters, and to say that we have orders in the house for, and on Saturday morning we shall despatch, over 16,000 copies, besides 6000 of a colonial edition, and other issues. You know the whole thing had to be rushed through the press, and I assure you it has taxed the resources of Messrs. Clowes' vast establishment for many weeks. To produce this book in the way it has been produced required something more than mere routine work. It required a thoughtful guiding spirit—one who would devote heart and soul to the work, and we cannot feel too grateful to Captain Clowes for the extraordinary devotion and personal attention he has given to the accomplishment of this task. In the printing department the work has found employment for many weeks for 60 compositors, 17 readers, 12 reading boys, and about 200 machine-pressmen and warehousemen. The paper consumed in printing the *édition de luxe*, the colonial edition, the canvassing edition, and the trade edition weighs $65\frac{1}{2}$ tons. This paper, if it had been laid out in single sheets, would have formed a white carpet for Mr. Stanley to have walked upon from the Congo to Zanzibar, or if laid sheet upon sheet it would have formed a tower something like the Tour Eiffel. The type and material used weighed $7\frac{1}{4}$ tons, and there were 2,500,000 types used in each of the above editions. Eighteen steam printing machines and ten hand presses consumed $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton of printing ink. Then as to the binding, we had to get bound in a fortnight, in all, about 40,000 volumes. These have given employment to over 500 men and 600 women. About 4,500 yards, or nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of binders' cloth were consumed on these editions. Now, as there have been produced simultaneously in America and on the Continent about ten other editions, I think I

should not be far out in stating that it would be quite within the mark to multiply all the figures I have mentioned by 7 or 8. Taking the latter estimate, Mr. Stanley may comfort himself with the reflection that during the last four months his fifty days' labour of brain and pen has given employment to an army of probably seven thousand men and at least as many women and girls, and probably the aggregate weight of all the editions which will be issued simultaneously on Saturday will exceed three hundred tons."

I think I may properly close this "Story of the book" by quoting in full Mr. Stanley's amusing and interesting speech delivered on this unique occasion.

Mr. Stanley in responding to the toast of his health said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, you have heard some statistics from Mr. Marston, the principal publisher of Sampson Low & Co. Some years ago we met in this hotel before to celebrate another and similar event. And I was happy to see our friend Mr. Johnston on that occasion (cheers). I am glad to see that time has dealt so kindly with you all. You all seem to me just as young as ever, and I am happy to say I feel as well as ever (laughter and cheers), though probably I have been snowed upon a little as I was passing by the mountain of Ruwenzori. Mr. Marston tells you that the great book will be out on Saturday morning. I am very glad to hear it. I think it ought to have been out a month ago (great laughter). I have been impatiently waiting

in order that I might take leave of you all (No, no) and enjoy that holiday that I am hungering for. It has been a pleasure to me to think that it has given so much occupation to so many people. It was only the other evening that it inspired Mr. Henty to make a brilliant exhortation to the savages of London to behave themselves better. I am sure it has given a great deal of pleasure to many here. I see Mr. Marston, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rivington, and young Mr. Marston, who will uphold, I suppose, the fortunes of Sampson Low & Co. for another generation. As I look round I see a great many faces here beaming with delight as they hear that the great work is about to come out. It is the work of We, Us, & Co. There is Mr. Keltie; there is Mr. Jephson,—he is tapping Mr. Keltie with high approval there, ‘Go it, old fellow’ :—he has also had something to do with it. I see Mr. Moberley Bell, he has had something to do with it, and Mr. Bates too. And I see our friend the Bishop here; he is also going to have a hand in it before he finishes with it, for on a solemn occasion he is going to call upon a lady to love, honour and obey me. (Great laughter.) The subject in reality of this evening’s speech ought to be ‘The Book,’ Mr. Marston, because you have told us it has given employment to 7000 men, and as many women and girls. It has cost us three years’ labour, and an immense pile of money. Mr. Hatton has had a small hand in it. Mr. Wilson,

too, has been very busy with it. I believe he has copied it all over with his own right hand. In fact, there is scarcely one here who has not an interest in it either as an orator or as a gentleman about to give his benediction. I could say a good deal more than I have in that book. However, I have confined myself to the narrative, as we swung our way through Africa, about those lakes and through East Africa, to rest in Zanzibar, and somehow or other it seems like a dream which has brought us all together to the place from whence we started some five years ago. I have confined myself to the narrative of the march. I might have spun it out to ten volumes. There's many and many an incident that I might have given, but I wanted to keep some plums for that occasion when I should find myself resting in some cottage, with a wife and children around me, and I shall then recall some happy occasions or some dismal scenes, and then probably I shall feel it worth my while to record it in another fashion altogether. There's one thing especially I have kept back, and that I have touched but little, and that is on the dismalities of the march from the Albert Nyanza to the East Coast. I shall never be able, I feel sure, to give you a true record of the troubles which beset us day and night from the Albert Nyanza to the Indian Ocean. I have touched upon it but very little. They who can read between the lines will be able to see it. But

I wish some time to pass by so that the bitterness and agony of the march may be forgotten and I can see only the romance of it. I have been scolded frequently since I have returned from Africa in regard to Emin. I wish some years to roll by before all that we might have said could be said with as large amount of charity as possible. You will find in reading those chapters applying to Emin that you have a strange character for the first time brought before you, and it is probable that there is some rising novelist here who may find it worth his while to study that character a little more. I may say truthfully it is the first character of the sort I have met. At the same time I know no great harm about Emin, but I will leave him to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the recondite editor of the *Times*. If I were accustomed to having dinners of this kind during the last three and a half years, I might possibly think it was unnecessary to dwell too greatly upon these things, but what I wish to do is to make a consistent character throughout from the beginning as a person who had given his promise to fulfil a solemn obligation to people who had asked him to relieve or rescue, as might be necessary, and I wish to say that, prompt as I have been to carry that relief, I kept myself as much as possible in the background. You will find as you skim over the pages that I have dwelt mostly upon the geography of the country and upon the tribes and their characteristics in

order to convey to you as much information as possible in regard to Africa and its interior. That was the basis upon which I began my book. Each of you will be able to criticise in your own way, charitably or uncharitably, as your livers or spleens may direct. I cannot say that anything we have done on this expedition has been perfect. All I ask you to remember is that we did it as well as we were capable of doing. It was all very well to promise to the Committee that we would do our duty, but there was a further obligation imposed upon us that we would do it kindly, with as much benefit to the black man and white man as possible. I venture to say, when you finish that book and close with my thanks to the Divinity that kept us safe across Africa, you will admit that we have been as kind as the circumstances of human nature would permit us. Mr. Marston, and gentlemen of the firm of Sampson Low & Co., no one knows what the future may bring forth. I don't know that I shall ever enter Africa again. If I do, you may rest assured that the commission that I shall then have been entrusted with shall be my sole and only object irrespective of what any reporter or correspondent or editor may say. As I exact from myself the obeying of orders, I exact the same from those under me or who accompany me, inasmuch as I believe that every man ought to fulfil his promise to the letter. All I can boast of is, that I have

always held that promise before me as though I carried a banner written ‘Thou shalt keep thy promise.’ Next week I am expected to answer a number of questions of a strictly missionary character, which I shall be most happy to do, and I only wish that on occasions like the present guests could have the opportunity of asking questions. If, for instance, Mr. Robinson asked me about Home Rule or Mr. Henty about the savages of Africa, I could answer them. Taking you all and all, I feel it extremely difficult to touch upon any subject such as could win your universal approval, and therefore I hope you will permit me to curtail my effusion and close my scattered remarks by saying that I am in duty bound to you not only for the manner in which you come into this hall and partake of this gorgeous feast, but also for the silence with which you have listened to the few remarks I have delivered. I could say a great deal if I knew what special points would suit you, but, until I know, pray allow me to tell you that I am extremely indebted to you; and on Saturday morning, when you get that book, of which Mr. Marston has told you, you will give me your ideas of it. I see M. Fouret is here. Fortunately there is not a Frenchman vilified in it. (Laughter.) I don’t think I have abused a single German either, or a single Englishman, therefore I ought to secure the goodwill of the Englishman, and I am quite sure that there is not a Scotchman that I have

animadverted upon. As to what you hold dear, that I most admire. If there is a thing you admire, I assure you I also admire it. It is all due to this book. (Laughter.) It is related in some form or other to this book of ours. (Laughter.) I hope from my heart, and you know why—(laughter)—that you will have a very large sale (laughter), and that you will reap a large profit, and that you will be ready to publish another book on another occasion, and that the firm of Sampson Low & Co. will go on publishing African books. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, let me express to you my unbounded delight at seeing you all; and as time has dealt with you so lightly in the past, let us hope that it will deal as lightly with you in the future, and that some day we may meet again (loud applause)."

This speech has this special interest attached to it: it is, I believe, his last speech, and appropriately closes his career as a bachelor.

Now, as a Benedict, may he sing,—

"My port is found. Farewell, ye freaks of chance;
The dance ye led me, now let others dance,"

He has known how—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

he has won the fame he has so long and so nobly struggled for; may he *rest and be thankful!*

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Mr. Stanley says, in his work, "The Congo Free State :"—"Your best tonic would be 2 grains of quinine as compressed in 'Tabloids,' by Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., of Snow Hill Buildings, London. These chemists have prepared drugs which I can conscientiously recommend. They have prepared small doses in 'Tabloids' of nearly every medicine that may be required, which may be taken without creating nausea, a valuable desideratum."

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Again, the Editor of the *British Medical Journal* writes (July 12th, 1890) as follows :—"Surgeon Parke has personally informed us that the concentrated preparations and 'Tabloids' retained their efficiency throughout the whole journey, and were of the utmost value by reason of their efficiency and portability."

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
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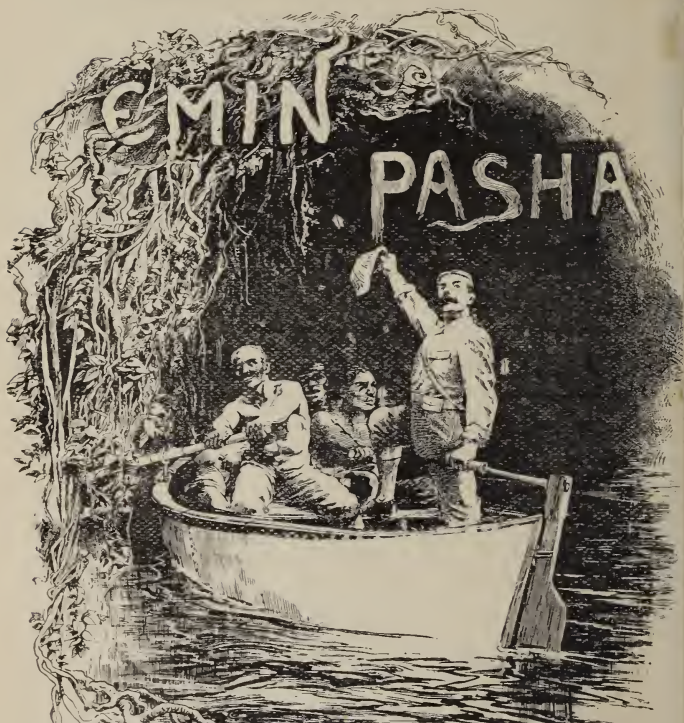
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And Map of Africa, showing Mr. Stanley's route during the recent Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

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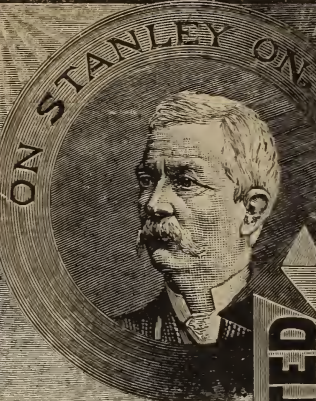
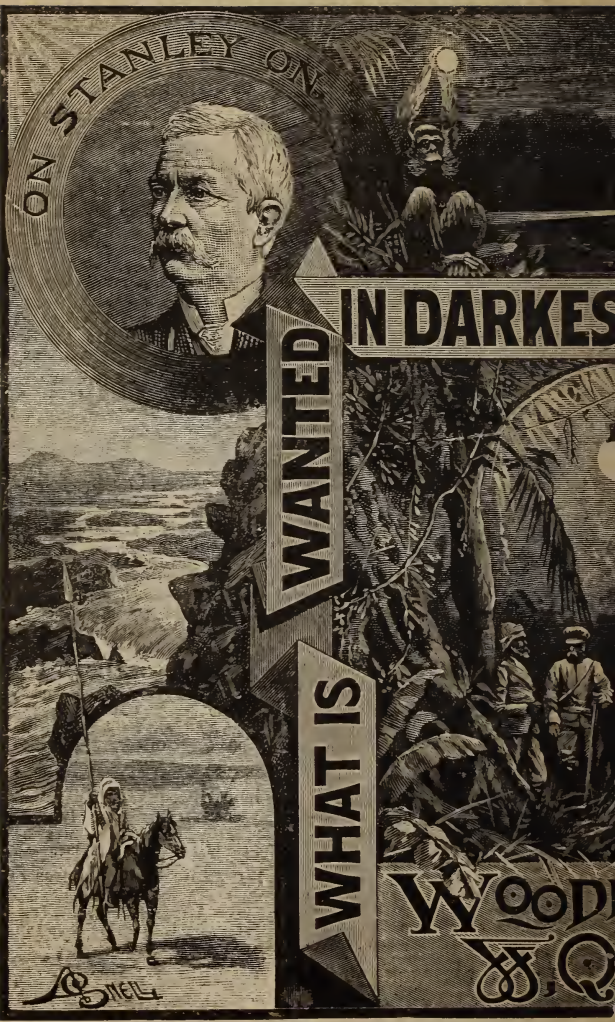
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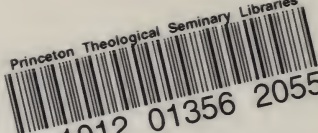


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